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WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE TIMES.

GARCIA FENELON;

OR,

THE TRULY GOOD.

BY MAT SOCIAL.

CHAPTER V.

The ignoble mind,
Loves ever to assail with secret blow
The loftier, purer beings of their kind.
Simms.

Garcia and Leora became warmly attached to each other, not that there was much unity of taste, but there was a fount of affection gushing up in either heart, whose waters mingled in one flow of love. Mrs. Herman was unlike her daughter in many respects—her pride never yielded to her affection, and *that* pride led her into much harshness, that she would have otherwise been guiltless of. One evening, on returning from a walk, Garcia found on the staircase a crumpled note—she picked it up, and saw in spite of the many words torn off, that some one was in distress, and required assistance; she placed the note in her pocket, and hastened to make her toilette for the night, as they were to have a social gathering. She had been in New York two years—her deep mourning garb had been laid aside, for other dresses preparatory to assuming "colors." Her walk had called the rich color to her cheek, and when she had with her maid's assistance, robed herself in a plain white, and wreathed a simple bud or two amid her rich masses of midnight hair, she could but acknowledge that the mirror showed her a beautiful image. Leora came in, glistening in satin and diamonds—

"Cousin Garcia! you look so pure and sweet—what do you think of *my* dress?"

"You are looking lovely, dear Leora,—your bright eyes will wound many a beau to-night."

"Thank you! such a speech is 'confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ'—proceeding from *your* truthful lips, that I am just as I should be."

Garcia saw the look of admiration Ferdinand cast on Leora, as she entered the brilliant saloon that evening; and the satisfied look her Aunt Julia's features wore, as she saw him advance, and lead her daughter to a pleasant seat. How her heart reproached her, for having dared to lift her eyes to him, and having been so blind as not to perceive, what she considered the present position of affairs—so jealous is love—so suspicious.

Garcia lacked not attention—the southern heiress was too good a mark for fortune hunters—the sensible woman too fascinating a companion for the intellectual—the beautiful Garcia, too brilliant, for the admirer of female loveliness to pass her by. Garcia was not happy 'mid the throng; she drew near her Aunt who was conversing with an elderly gentleman, and participated in their conversation. Ferdinand passed her as her back was to him, and he heard her say,—

"The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

He did not know the connection, but the tone with which the quotation was uttered struck him. She who spoke so feelingly of suffering, had *she* not suffered? He looked back over her life, and his heart reproached him. An hour after, to cool himself, and to think undisturbed he went into a back parlor; as he paced up and down he heard a sob, and perceived that one of the curtains at a window was partly aside; he lifted it, and beheld! Garcia was sitting with her head bowed on the window sill—gently he laid his hand on that head—she started—

"Miss Fenelon—a thousand pardons,—I always feel for those who sorrow—may I know the cause of your grief."

"Thank you, Mr. Liston, for your sympathy—you need not trouble yourself about me."

"I do feel troubled Garcia,"—it was the first time he had called her by that name—"you ought to know enough of my nature, to feel that I cannot see a fellow being weep, without a desire to assuage the grief that called forth those tears."

"I thank you," came more kindly than before; "pardon me for not confiding in you—*sympathy* is gratefully received nevertheless."

"You will be missed,—do you not desire to return to the company?"

"When I shall have bathed my eyes."

In a few minutes Garcia said she was "ready." They entered the saloon, both feeling calmer than in many days before.

* * * * * * *

"Well, good friends," said Mrs. Grandison, as she called one morning, "I've a petition—a destitute family have come under my notice,—and I am trying to see who will aid me in supplying their wants."

Mrs. Herman subscribed largely, and as Mrs. Grandison went on in her recital of the sufferings of her proteges, Ferdinand noticed the tear of sympathy gather in Garcia's eye.

"Mama, Papa gave me money for a new bracelet that I very much desired, but I'll dispense with it, and let Mrs. Grandison have it," said Leora.

Liston applauded her for her generosity, and placing a sum in Mrs. Grandison's hand, passed the paper to Garcia—

"Excuse me, if I refuse you."

Ferdinand was thunderstruck.

That afternoon Garcia, in her evening walk, visited the family spoken of in the morning, and talked with them comfortingly, and as she left, gave them more than any one had contributed in the morning. On placing her hand in her pocket going home, she found the note of yesterday, and on arriving, she summoned her maid and enquired, "Annette, do you know anything of this?"

"Yes, Miss, it is a note from Mrs. Herman's niece—she was a pretty, poor lady, but fell, and her Aunt drove her from her door to suffer and die. It is a long story—she is ill now in a low street and begs help; but Mrs. Herman is too proud, *she* don't stoop to raise the fallen."

Garcia was interested; she drew the whole story from Annette, who had long lived at Mr. Herman's, and had been his lady's maid. She ascertained where she might find poor Agnes Milton, and then descended to tea. Tea being over Leora placed one arm around Garcia's waist, saying—"Come, Coz, go in and play that new tune for papa on the harp."

"Excuse——"

"No excuse, my pretty neice," said Mr. Herman, who was just behind them. "I feel just in the mood for hearing one of your plaintive melodies. Do you know, in my young days, I was considered quite an ameteur in music; but those airs in which the deepest pathos blended, were my favorites. You seem to have the same taste, I believe."

"Well, Uncle, if it can impart any pleasure to you, surely I'll play for you; but, Cousin Leora, I plead to be excused for the evening after that."

"What new crochet now?"

"I prefer not to see company this evening."

"As you will, but *do* come and delight Papa by your witching strains of music."

Garcia laughed, and did as desired.—Evening visitors began to come and Garcia was released. She met the butler in the hall.

"Dennis, can you keep a secret?"

"And is it I ye'd be after asking? sure and wouldn't I kape any thing for you—did'nt yees give me the money when I wanted to have a wake over my poor children, though (the blessed Virgin forgive you) ye tould me it was not your idees of christianity—bless yer sweet face! Dennis would do any thing."

"Never mind about your compliments, Dennis, I wish you to go with me some whare as protector, and mind you are not to breathe this to any one."

"Faith, an I'll kape it safe in my own bosom."

"Where is Miss Fenelon, this evening, Miss Leora?"

"In her room, I presume, Mr. Hunter; Cousin desired to be excused from appearing this evening."

"Bye the way, Ferdinand," said Mrs. Herman to young Liston, who was turning over the leaves of a Lady's Book, "did you notice that Garcia refused to aid those people Mrs Grandison was interceding for?"

"I did," was the laconic reply.

"It could not have been for want of means—she received a supply from her agent recently, and in our shopping tour this morning, she purchased a 'moire antique,' the value of which was vastly more than the demand on her purse for the relief of the destitute."

Ferdinand was silent—he had hoped better things of Garcia.

A late hour found Mrs. Herman's guests still lingering. Ferdinand felt ill at ease, he was at a loss to know why conversation even with the sprightly Leora seemed dull—nothing afforded entertainment. He left in a moody state of mind, and proceeded leisurely toward home; as he passed where a low lane met the street on which he was walking, a female came out of the lane, the light of the street lamp fell on her face—it was Garcia.

"Great God! Miss Fenelon—you *here*—and alone?"

"I have an escort," she replied coldly. He took no notice of Dennis, who came up at this moment, but passed on, his brain in a whirl.

Garcia hurried home, filled with a thousand agonizing thoughts. What would *he* think—he did not know what had been her mission in that haunt of pollution—he knew not that she had smoothed the pillow of an erring, penitent, suffering one—he knew not that one he looked upon as the noblest of women, had it in her power to save that poor soul from plunging deeper in the gulf of sin, and would not—he knew not this—*her own* reputation was injured in his estimation. "Alas! alas!" moaned the orphan, as she tossed on her couch, "how unfortunate I have ever been. Father in heaven *Thou* knowest the secrets of each human heart *pity me!*".

With a feverish brow she arose on the morrow, and having a business errand, after just tasting a morsel of food, and finding herself too ill to eat, she went out. As she wended her way up the street, she met Theadore.

"*Brother!* When did you arrive?"

"Dear Sis,—we, that is Mama and I, have been in the city, staying at—— Hotel for several days."

"And did not inform *me* of this," said Garcia reproachfully.

"Sister—I desired to see you very much, but—really—I—I've been so much engaged. Come I'll escort you to see Mama."

Garcia accompanied him. Nina met her with a freezing politeness.

"Mother, 'tis so long since I have seen you" Garcia's heart yearned toward the wife, whom a dying father had spoken so affectionatly to.

"A few years I believe—you have changed very much in appearance. Really, Garcia, our intercourse has been so slight, that I know very little of you—have you found New York more desirable than Alabama?"

"My thoughts, Mama, have often been of home; though they brought with them painful reminiscences of dear ones dead"—tears were in her eyes—"but where ever we may be, you know there is an enchantment about one's native land, that no other spot possesses."

"That may be. I have come to see a little of the pleasures of the renowned metropolis—I hope not to be disappointed."

On conversing with her brother, Garcia found that his mental culture had been sadly neglected—but when he touched on his favorite topics he was at home, and she shuddered, to hear him call things "harmless amusements," which her pure spirit deemed vices.

The Fenelon family had no intercourse with the Hermans, more than a few formal calls—and Garcia feeling wounded by the indifferance of Nina, and Theodore's manner toward her, did not often intrude upon them. When opportunity offered, she would talk long and earnestly with her bother about his course: she would plead with all the earnestness of a sister's hallowed affection, that he would reform. She depicted to him the horror attendant upon sin—the pleasures of a course of virtue and rectitude. He would listen attentively, and promise amendment—but once removed from the atmosphere of purity that seemed to linger around her, he was easily drawn off by the designing "fast young men," who deemed that they were fortunate in having a rich Southern "flat" in their hands.

Poor Garcia! she wept often over the sad career of the brother of her love—her sufferings of another nature she smothered, for this. Her mind was bent on one great aim, the reformation of him, whom she now contrasted with the little cherub who had crowed with childish delight, as she played with him, while he laid in his cradle, or guided by her loving hand, learned his infant feet first to walk in their far off Southern home.

One evening as she was returning from an errand of mercy to some poverty-stricken ones—she passed by a fashionable bar—she looked in (a thing unusual for her)—Theadore had a glass of sparkling liquor about to drink—it was the work of a moment, forgetting every thing but her anxiety, she rushed in, and dashed the glass on the floor, spilling its contents, and shivering it to atoms. Then throwing a gold piece on the marble stand, to the astonished vender of "ruin," she exclaimed, "*you* have lost nothing" and turning to Theadore's equally surprised companions, she said, sadly,—"Was not my Brother steeped enough in error without this?" Theadore was dumb. Recollecting herself, she went once more in the street. Oh misery! Ferdinand passed as she left the steps.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Grandison sat in her boudoir when a privileged visitor entered without ceremony. "I am happy to see you this morning Liston, I was just thinking about Garcia Fenelon."

"How sad it is, my dear Mrs. Grandison, that one apparently so *good*, should prove so far the *reverse*."

"What mean you? Garcia is one of Earth's choicest spirits."

"Ah! so I thought, until it was all too plain I was deceived."

"Explain—you astonish me."

Ferdinand told her all he had observed, closing with seeing her come out of the bar, with flushed face and tottering step—"Can it be that she has fallen as low as this?" said he, bitterly.

"Believe me Ferdinand, there is something yet to be revealed. With referance to her refusing to give me money, on the morning in question, of which you spoke a few minutes since—she bestowed far more in person that evening, than we *all*, on the Halls, and I have loved her from that moment, for her unostentatious benevolence."

"The drowning man will catch at a straw." Ferdinand felt a gleam of hope to pass over the troubled waters of his soul. I erred in *this*, perhaps I am wrong in *all*—thought he. When he left, he went to —— Hotel and while on the piazza he overheard a conversation between a parcel of fops.

"Demme, if the Fenelon aint a fiery minx. Did you notice, Tom, the haughty glance in her eye, as she threw the money at —— after demolishing his crockery?"

Ferdinand's soul was bent on what he heard.

"Gus, I don't know any thing that has made such an impression on my mind. I have met Miss Fenelon in society, and deemed her too elevated to notice me, all sinful as I am. I know her to be above reproach—and this instance of interest in her brother, forgetful of *self*, has made me think seriously. Theadore says that glass she dashed from his lips, is the last that will ever be raised to them. It is said there is a mysterious Providence that rules all things, and I begin to believe it. An unseen hand led her by that evening, to win her brother and myself too, I hope, back to the path of rectitude we have lost."

"Haw! haw! Tom when do you take orders as a Rev."

Ferdinand had heard enough—he walked with speed in the direction of Addison Herman's. On arriving he met Dennis in the hall.

"They are all out, barin Miss Garcia, sur—she's in, poor creatur, looking as pale as a ghost—Misthur Listhon she's a swate cratu—I long have wished to tell yees about the night we met in the strait but she wouldn't let me—but by the powers! ye *shall* know!"

Dennis then explained how, angel-like, she had sought out poor Agnes Milton, and administered to her wants, and cared for her until death relieved her from her tortures—while her proud Aunt rolled in splendor, caring not for the lowly. Liston hurried on to seek her, whom he, in thought, had so wronged. She was not in the room—writing materials were on the stand, and a paper with her beautiful chirography, lay near—prompted by curiosity, he read it:—

THE PAUPER CONSUMPTIVE.

Blest art thou stricken one—
Aye, blest! although thy brow,
And wasted cheek and lip,
In whiteness rivals snow.
Yes! though the feeble breath
Comes painfully, and slow;
And the heaving breast is racked,
As now thou liest low.
Blest indeed! for there are
Some who feel sad for thee—
Who minister in love,
And grieve thy pain to see.
Blest, for soon shall come
The summons,—leave thy clay,
Poor suffering spirit,
God calls thee, come away.
Thou ne'er hast known, what 'twas
In halls of wealth to dwell—
Where eyes of love and light,
Shone with their mighty spell.
To list the merry jest,
And thrilling music's tone,
And be in the glad throng
The only suffering one.
Thy poverty is much,
Yet aspirations few—
Thy life's frail thread but broke,
And Heaven opes to you.
But to feel that the loved
Are walking sin's dark way—
And some perchance, do turn
From thy fondness away—
That long this must be borne,
Health doth in thy pulses glow;
That thou must *live*, and still
Bear on!—oh! *this is woe.*

Garcia entered, and colored as she hastily slipped the paper under a book, hoping he had not observed it.

"Miss Fenelon—Garcia, *can* you forgive me?"

"For what does Mr. Liston crave forgiveness?"

"You know not, best of women! how I have sinned against you;" he took her trembling hand—"Garcia, a chain of mysteries have been unlinked for me to day—in contriteness of spirit, I plead *forgive me* that I have ever been cold toward you—nay pity me—become my teacher. Garcia, with the pent up feeling of my soul, poured out at last in one flood—*I love you*—can you bid me hope that I may win your heart of purity?"

Oh! the happiness in that heart so long the home of sorrow—tears come a blessed relief for the full soul.

"Have I wounded—offended you?"

"Offended? ah no!"

Those dark eyes sought his in one timid glance, and the blissful secret was told, in the happiness in their pure depths. Draw a curtain over their joy.

* * * *

"So, Leora, Garcia has insinuated herself in Liston's affections! they are to marry—my dearest hopes are frustrated—I thought to see *you* his bride."

"Me, Mama? why Ambrose Hunter's heart would be broken in such an event, and that of a damsel who shall be nameless."

"Brother Addie has come!" joyously shouted little Hattie, "just in time for the double wedding."

It was a grand affair, that wedding—the two brides looked like angels—so thought the happy grooms.

"Garcia, love," said Ferdinand, one happy day after that—"Pure religion and undefiled before God, is indeed visiting the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and keeping unspotted from the world; this, you my wife, have taught me."

"But I well nigh wrecked my happiness, by following the Scriptural injunction, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth'"—said she archly.

Nina lay on a bed of death—arousing from a stupor she asked the nurse—"Has she come."

"I *have*, Mama," said Garcia;" and grieve to see you so low."

"Don't grieve for me! I have *hated* you; but in my dying moments, remorse had its work. Garcia, it was *I* that applied the torch that consumed your house—I don't deserve it."

"You *are* forgiven, Mother, forget all worldly cares, and look to God, ere it is too late."

"Yes"—said the reformed Theadore—"He'll not cast you out."

Nina came in at the eleventh hour—but she sleeps in Jesus. Requiescat in pace.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LINES.

BY MATILDA.

When my heart is over shadowed,
By the tempest sweeping by,
Lead me to the rock my saviour,
That is higher far than I.

Lead me in thy loving mercy—
To the fount of truth and rest,
With thy gentle arms beneath me—
And my head upon thy breast.

Calmly I can leave earth's sorrows,
Dark and bitter tho' they be—
Feeling in the darkest hour,
Safe when I am close to thee.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A COUNTRY LIFE FOR ME.

BY GERTRUDE LADD.

To roam through the meadows,
To ramble by the brook,
To explore every corner,
And enjoy every nook!
To cull every floweret,
From its grass laden nest—
Oh! whatever others choose to say,
A country life is best.

To wonder through the forest,
Listening to the merry birds,
As they sing to one another,
In their joyous birdling words,
To watch the cunning squirrels,
As they hop from tree to tree.
Oh, whatever others choose to say—
A country life for me.

Here the magic works of nature
Are more beautiful by far,
Than all the artificial works
That in the cities are.
And here is more enjoyment,
Though humbler it may be,
Whatever others choose to say,
A country life for me.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO THE MISER.

BY H. A. DWIGHT.

Miser, keep thy sordid gold—
Keep it, 'tis thy treasure dear,
All that thou canst ever hold,
All in Heaven above, or here.

Here, no earthly friend is thine,
Here, no tender loving heart;
And if mortal may divine,
Thou in Heaven wilt have no part!

Heaven! to thee it has no charms—
Earth, too, none beyond thine ore;
And if free from death's alarms,
Thou wouldst never ask for more!

Heaven! thine only bliss is here,
Here thy final hopes are bound
All that thou accountest dear,
Is within thy coffers found!

Worship, then, at this, thy shrine;
This thine adoration pay;
But when thou shall *leave* it, pine
O'er thy folly in dismay.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A MYSTIC ODE.

BY ARAMIS.

My song no heroe's deeds proclaims,
Famed in the annals of old days:
Nor stoops the Muse, with sordid aims,
To hymn a royal patron's praise.
From War's tumultuous alarms,
The echoing din of clashing steel;
From smiling fields and sylvan charms,
We turn—at Beauty's shrine to kneel!
Ay, fairy Empress! at thy feet
One captive heart will ever bow
With cordial homage, and repeat
The devotee's Platonic vow!—
Content, if but a smile repay,
Devotion's constant, fervent zeal,
Never to feel another's sway,
Nor to another's sceptre kneel.
Should Fame her laurel wreath confer
On merit so obscure as mine,
'Twere vain—if not approved by her
Whose name there prudent lines entwined.

The Word Selah.

The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew ward Selah, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and of course the English reader often asks his minister, or learned friend, what it means. And the minister or learned friend has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums, and most of the Jewish commentators, give to the word the meaning of *eternally forever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical or rythmical note. Hender regarded it as indicating a change of note; Mathewson as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther and others, it means *silence!* Ce enius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sarsum corda*—up, my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah." They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, "Hear, Jehovah!" or, Awake, Jehovah! and the like still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear, etc. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of the trumpets by the priest. Selah, itself, he thinks an abridged expression, used for Higgaion Selah—Higgaion indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing is occupation for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield themselves up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent! Rather seek by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you into a thousand channels, which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling: and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow men.

WOMAN'S HEART.—There is a period in the early life of every true woman when moral and intellectual growth seems for a time to cease. The vacant heart seeks for an occupant. The intellect, having appropriated such aliment as was requisite to the growth of the uncrowned feminine nature, feels the necessity of more intimate companionship with the masculine mind, to start it upon its second period of development. Here, at this point, some stand for years, without making a step in advance. Others marry, and astonish, in a few brief years, by thir sweet temper, their noble womanhood, those whose blindness led them to suppose they were among the incurable, heartless and frivolous.—*Bay Path.*

A SECRET.—I will tell you a secret.—The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who "cared for nobody, no, not he—because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let people see, therefore, that you do care for them, by showing them the small courtesies of life, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and with kind looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting and standing.

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend.—When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship.

They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

WISDOM is better without an inheritance, than an inheritance without wisdom.

Always Finding Fault.

There are certain people who cannot live without finding fault. No matter what subject or person, comes up in the course of conversation, they start some frivolous objection, or make some censorious remark. Instead of trying to be in charity with their neighbors, they take malicious pleasure in speaking evil about them. They obstinately shut their eyes to good qualities; while they employ microscropes to discover and magnify evil ones; and afterwards they torture language to exaggerate what they have seen so as to depreciate as much as possible. They do not, however, always speak out boldly. But they deal in inuendoes, in hints, and in ominous shakes of the head. Instead of frankly assailing in front, they assassinate behind the back. Practically, they persuade others that all men are so evil, that there is not even a chance of reform. Even in acts incontestibly good they pretend to find latent selfishness.

They spend their time in defiling human nature, like the foul Yahoos whom the satirist has depicted.

To believe them, there are none virtuous but themselves, all the rest of mankind being knaves, brutes or devils.

The proverbial fault finder little thinks that, in censuring so maliciously and indiscriminately, he is only painting his own portrait. It is a secret consciousness of his demerits, a gnawing rage at the superiority of others, which is the real cause of his want of charity, the principal inducement to his abuse. His own heart is the mirror from which he describes mankind. The best men have been those invariably who spoke the most kindly of their race. The great type of all manhood, whose perfect humanity is the admiration even of Pagans and Atheists, ever spoke in benignant terms having charity even for "publicans and sinners." It is to his precept that we owe the great doctrine of human brotherhood. In the ideal of the fallen Lucifer, we have, on the contrary, the incarnation of malice, hate, slander, ill-will and evil speaking. As the one is said to have come to bring "peace and good will to man," so the other first defiled the fair creation with strife and sowed "war among the hosts of Heaven." We never hear a professed faultfinder but our thoughts recur to his type. We never listen to the beneficent language of one who is in charity with his race, without feeling that he is advancing more and more into "the perfect man."

Phil. Ledger.

COUNT THEM.—Count what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come, every morning and every evening, as angel messengers from the Father of Light, to tell you of your best friend in Heaven. Have you lived these years, wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, Heaven pity you.

You have murmured under affliction; but who has heard you rejoice over blessings? Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain drop, the star, or the queen of night. What is life but a mercy? What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits?

Happy is he who looks at the bright side of life, of providence and of revelation. Who avoids thorns, and thickets, and sloughs, until his Christian growth is such that if he cannot improve them, he may pass among them without injury. Count mercies before you complain of affliction.

THE DEAR'S TEARS.—The tear of a loving girl says Moeser from the German, is like a dew-drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife, is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it.

Here is my happiness: my husband is my best companion, my children are my jewels; my house is my home, and no earthly pleasure excels that of considering it a domestic paradise—a center of attraction to my family so that they are no where else so happy; a place too of welcome and grateful reception to the stranger.

Frankness is not rashness, nor vehemence. It is not petulant or dictatorial. It is modest as it is undisguised. Yet it dares to lift the veil and show unpleasant truths.

The first step to reason is to feel the want of it. Folly is incompatible with this knowledge. The best thing we can have next to wit, is to know we have it not. Some bipeds with long ears ought to think of that.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

JOSEPH ADDISON.*

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the greatest of the wits of Queen Anne's time, and one of the most elegant and accomplished authors in English Literature, was born at Milston, in Wiltshire, England, May 1st, 1672. He was the eldest son of a clergyman, celebrated for his attachment to the house of the Stuarts, able and learned, but not wealthy. He was educated principally at the Charter House, and at Oxford; and he early in life evinced a taste for poetry, and distinguished himself as a writer of Latin verses, some of which were afterwards published, and reflected honor upon their author. His first appearance in print as a writer of English verse (at the age of twenty-two) was in some verses addressed to the veteran poet Dryden, who, after many triumphs and reverses, had at length reached a secure and lonely eminence among the literary men of that age. Dryden appears to have been much gratified by the young scholar's praise; and introduced him to Congreve, who, in turn, introduced him to Charles Montagu, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the whig party; and to which party, throughout his life, Addison was a faithful adherent, and, although devoid of oratorial talent, he occupied many conspicuous places, and shared liberally in the patronage of that party.

His next appearance in the literary world was in a translation of a part of Virgil's fourth Georgic, which is admired and chiefly distinguished by that charming elegance of style and rythmical sweetness, rather than by the fidelity of the translation. In 1695, he addressed a complimentary poem, on one of the campaigns of King William, to the lord-keeper Somers, who procured him a pension from the crown, of 300 pounds a year, to enable him to travel. On his return in 1703 he published his "Remarks on Italy, &c.," a work of merit, and written with consummate skill and ability, and proved quite popular at the time, and has so remained since. During his absence he collected the materials and partly prepared his "Work on Medals," one of the most ingenious works in our language, and particularly characterized by the shrewdness of the author's observations, but which was not published until after his decease; and commenced his tragedy of Cato. His "Campaign" in celebration of the battle of Blenheim, fixed his popularity, won him many friends, and the office of Commissioner of Appeals. Soon after he accompanied the marquis of Wharton to Ireland as Secretary; and while there assisted his friend Steele in the "Tattler." It was not until he commenced writing for the "Tattler" that Addison discovered the extent of his powers and talents, and the proper channel in which to turn them—to the best account. This was followed by the "Spectator," of which more will be said hereafter; then by the "Guardian;" and in 1713 his famous tragedy of Cato appeared, and was performed without interruption for thirty-five nights. In 1716 he married the countess dowager of Warwick; but the union is said to have been any thing but felicitous. He died at Holland house, June 17, 1719. His last words were, "See in what peace a Christian can die!"

The fame of no English author stands on a firmer basis, and is as unsullied as that of Addison; whose character was as pure as the style of his compositions. No fairer page than his does honor to the English language and to English Literature. Nowhere do we find life so truly and so delicately portrayed as in his works. Take for instance the "Spectator," that perpetual monument to the genius of its noble author! Where in the literature of Great Britain, aye in the great world of letters, is there a work that will compare with it in matchless simplicity, purity of diction, beauty of style, sparkling humor, exquisite delineations of character, and in elevated moral tone? When Dr. Johnson, the giant of English literature, signally failed in the attempt, who can be expected to match him.

Confessedly the master of English prose, his graceful and polished pen never touched upon an improper theme—never wrote a bitter invective, nor an evil word of any man. Noble, beautiful and valuable as are his writings, his private and public life was equally as pure and unblemished by perfidy, and the thousand evils and wrongs that render the names of many unworthy of remembrance. The name of Addison is universally associated with that which is both pure and good; and his most inveterate enemies—enemies through jealousy of his merited eminence as an author, as a private citizen, and as a public man, were compelled by the prick of conscience to retract the evil they had said of him. So pure were his motives and character, and so well was he convinced of the justness and rectitude of his conduct, that even when *John Dennis* published his "Remarks on Cato" which were as unjust and malicious as the heart of their author was imbrued with evil, he deigned not to take the slightest notice of them; and not until Pope published some strictures on Dennis' performance, did he publicly avow that "he had nothing to do with either of them?" It is seldom that we find combined in the same man so many excellencies, so many estimable qualities, as were combined in Addison. His writings, numerous as they are, are but a reflex of his own heart and conduct. And it is worthy of remark, that he was never known to enforce a precept or inculcate a moral, that he did not religiously follow himself. He seems to have regarded letters as a means of advancing civilization, morality, and christianity; and this was the paramount object of his life. How far he succeeded and to what extent, remains not to be told; the whole civilized world bears faithful witness of it.

"As a moral satirist," says Macaulay, in an excellent essay on Addison prefixed to the first volume of this edition of his works, "he stands unrivalled. If ever the best Tattlers and Spectators were equalled in their own kind, we should be inclined to guess that it must have been by the lost comedies of Menander."

In wit, properly so called, Addison was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. No single ode of Cowley contains so many happy analogies as are crowded into the lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller; and we would undertake to collect from the "Spectator" as great a number of ingenious illustrations as can be found in "Hudibras." The still higher faculty of invention Addison possessed in still larger measure. The numerous fictions, generally original, often wild and grotesque, but always singularly graceful and happy, which are found in his essays, fully entitle him to the rank of a great poet—a rank to which his metrical compositions give him no claim. As an observer of life, of manners, of all the shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as Clarendon. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence, and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find anything more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakespeare or to Cervantes.

But what shall we say of Addison's humor, of his sense of the ludicrous, of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of temper and manner, such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm. We give ourselves up to it. But we strive in vain to analyze it.

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry, is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great artist. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule, during the eighteenth century, were, we conceive, Addison, Swift and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme. Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed in merriment, while the dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect; and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the commination-service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own, a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lips. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding or of a cynic. It is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding.

We own that the humor of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison. But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art, nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause, nor the awful enigma of the grave, could he see anything but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like were his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistophiles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of human virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind.

Of the review which his essays rendered to morality it is difficult to speak too highly. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the sure mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon.

The Spectator is the greatest of the works of Addison. The plan of the Spectator, says Macaulay, must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time, no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing bird's nests. Smollett was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the Spectator's essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labor. The events were such as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theatre, when the "Distressed Mother" is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverly Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honey-comb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot, yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humor, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel, on an extensive plan, it should have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered, not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.

We say this of Addison alone; for Addison is the Spectator. About three-sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say, that his first essay is as good as the best of any of his co-adjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety. His invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of the prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn, and a fresh glass of nectar is at our lips. On the Monday we have an allegory as lively and ingenious as Lucian's Auction of Lives; on the Tuesday an eastern apologue as richly colored as the tales of Scherezade; on the Wednesday, a character described with the skill of La Bruyere; on the Thursday, a scene from common life equal to the best chapters in the Vickar of Wakefield; on the Friday, some sly Horation pleasantry on the fashionable follies—on hoops, patches, or puppet-shows; and on the Saturday, a religious meditation which will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon.

It is dangerous to select where there is so much that deserves the highest praise. We will venture, however, to say, that any person who wishes to form a just notion of the extent and variety of Addison's powers, will do well to read at one sitting the following papers: The two Visits to the Abbey, the Visit to the Exchange, the Journal of the Retired Citizen, the Vision of Mirza, the Transmigration of Pug, the Monkey, and the Death of Sir Roger De Coverly.

As a describer of life and manners, says Dr. Johnson, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humor, which, as Steele observes is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never "out steps the modesty of nature," nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the readers his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes appears half veiled in allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy; and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. He weaves a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

"Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet."

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendor.

It is apparently his principal endeavor to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism.—What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are valuable and easy. Who ever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

Addison was one of our earliest favorites, and has continued so to be. His writings on the hundredth perusal give better satisfaction than on the first; the interest never diminishes by familiarity, but, of the two, is rather increased. His Spectator and Guardian have been the delight of nearly every learned man since they were written. Even our own great philosopher, FRANKLIN made provision in his will "that his children (we quote from recollection) should be presented with a copy of each."

It is but the welcoming of an old friend, a friend to which we are indebted for our first notions of English literature,—in welcoming this new edition of the works of our favorite author. And there is yet something else connected with this edition that enhances its value in our eye—it is the first *Complete Edition* of Addison's works ever published, and that, too, edited by an American, and published by American publishers. And there is a significance in this fact. It shows that American Scholars, in their appreciations and preferences are guided by a true sense of merit; and American publishers actuated by a desire to supply the reading public with the best literature extant, irrespective of its origin and authorship. No better evidence of the magnanimity of American publishers, and their desire to promote a taste for the higher order of literature is desired, or, we think, can be furnished, than the laudable project of our publishers, Messrs. *Derby & Jackson* to republish, in excellent library form, the works of the most eminent British Classics. And with them this is not only a project, but, as the times would warrant, has been carried into execution. The series headed by Addison, is followed by Johnson, Goldsmith, Fielding, Swift, Sterne, Lamb, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Hazlitt; and others. We have already announced the publication of several of these, and spoken of their merits, and purpose to pen an article on each of the others, for the purpose of apprizing young readers of the "feast of reason and flow of soul" yet in store for them. We have good American authors and good American books, to besure; but we have none such as these. We have no Addison, no Goldsmith, no Johnson, no Fielding; and to acquire a knowledge of Literature and of Literary men, a perusal of the works of these great masters, is indispensable. You may talk about them and write about them as much as you please, but you can convey no intelligible, adequate idea of them. Like good wine, they must be tasted to be appreciated, and in commending their works, and those of Addison, in particular, to our readers, we do so simply with a desire to promote a taste for the beautiful, the worthy, the good, in literature; and for their benefit. We say to every reader of the English language, read the works of Addison; and if you desire to read his works, unadulterated, and have them in a convenient and durable shape, by all means secure this edition. And in addition to the purity of the text, the learned editor has materially enriched it, by a large number of interesting notes, explanatory of that which is ambiguous and purely local. For the benefit of those who desire to procure this edition, we would remark, that it is published in six 12 mo. volumes, on fine white paper, in large, clear type, and bound in various elegant styles. In muslin binding the price is $7.50 in sheep extra $9.00 and in calf or morocco $13.50. The sheep edition, a copy of which is now before us, is one of the most elegant specimens—all things considered—of American publishing, that has ever come within our observation. The Calf and Morocco styles are more beautiful and expensive, and the eye luxuriates as it rests upon them, but when we consider the price and the excellence of the edition, and its peculiar fitness for the library, we prefer the sheep binding; others may consult their own tastes. And, in conclusion, we would again say, if you have not, let not another year pass away without your having read, and wept, and laughed over, and been instructed by the pages of Addison.

Be not too brief in conversation, lest you be not understood, nor too diffuse, lest you be troublesome.

*THE WORKS OF JOSEPH ADDISON, including the whole contents of Bishop Hurd's edition with Letters and other Pieces not found in any former collection, and Macaulay's Essay on his Life and Works. Edited by G. Washington Green, with portrait and plates, complete in 6 vols. 12 mo. New York: DERBY & JACKSON, 1857.

THE BUSY WORLD.

FIFTEEN TONS OF MONEY.—The St. Louis *Democrat* of Tuesday last states:

"The steamer *Flying Cloud*, on her way from New Orleans to this port, stopped at Cairo and put out fifteen tons of coin, one hundred thousand dollars of which was destined for the subtreasury of this city, and the balance for Washington. The boat had also $10,185 consigned to various parties there.

CENTENNARIAN MINISTERS:—Father Sawyer, of the Maine Congregational clergy, entered upon his one hundred and third year, on Friday the 9th instant.

Probably the oldest clergyman in England is the Rev. H. Totty, D. D., rector of Elchingham, Sussex, who is one hundred and two years old.

WINE MAKING IN ALABAMA:—The Huntsville Independent states that Mr. C. W. Strong, of that vicinity, has entered into the wine making business, which promises to be quite profitable. He has a vineyard of several acres in extent, and last year made several hundred gallons of wine.

VIRGINIA WASHINGTON MONUMENT:—The Bronze Statue of Washington, intended to stand upon the Washington Monument erected in Richmond Virginia, was landed in that city a few days since. It weighs upwards of 20 tons and was more than a week landing from the vessel. On attempting to haul it to the capital square the citizins removed the horses and attaching ropes formed several long columns and hauled it themselves. Gov. Wise and the Mayor of the city were called out and made addresses on the occasion.

The inauguration of the statue is to take place on the 22 of next February and the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter has been invited to deliver the oration with the Hon. Wm. C. Rives as his alternate; and Mr James Baron Hope and Mr. John R. Thompson have been requested to be the poets of the day, to precede and follow oration.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HALIFAX.—We learn from the Weldon Patriot that this event was celebrated amid the roaring of cannon and the sounds of martial music. The procession was a very long one. Lieut. J. Daniel was first Marshal of the day; Dr. W. H. Hill, W. C. Gary and W. D. Faucett, assistants. After parading through the principal streets, the procession was disbanded, and soon assembled, with a large collection of ladies, in the Court House. The meeting was organized by the appointment of Dr. M Ponton, President; Mr. J. H. Fenner, Dr. M. A. Wilcox, and Mr. Isaac Faulcon, Vice Presidents. Interesting and appropriate speeches were made by Mr. J. B. Bachelor, Mr. Andrew Conigland, Dr. M. A. Wilcox, and the Rev. Thos. G. Lowe.

GLORIOUS SPORTSMANSHIP.—We learn from the Norfolk *Argus*, that on Monday the 9th of November, Jacob Baum, of Princess Anne, and Major Foreman, of Norfolk county, repaired to the North Banks of Currituck Beach, N. C., to shoot wild geese. They put out a dozen decoy geese, and in a short time a large flock gathered around them. In the afternoon they retired for want of ammunition and upon counting up, ascertained that they had killed *one hundered and forty eight*—two cart loads—which were carried to Norfolk, and the majority shipped North. Mr. Baun says there are "millions of fowl" on Currituck Beach.

TERRIBLE FIGHT.—A terrible fight occurred one night last week, says the Columbia (Tennessee) Mirror, between a fine blooded stallion and a jack belonging to Maj. James H. Webster, of this county, which resulted in the death of the former. The jack literally tore one of the horses ears out by the roots, and then seizing him by the throat, soon made a finish of him.

ROWDYISM IN WASHINGTON.—Rowdyism seems to run rampant in Washington city. On Sunday night 22nd there was much fighting among the rowdies by gangs, caused by the Regulators cutting down all the American flag staffs in the city. One man was killed and several wounded. A watchman was shot in the head, it is feared fatally. About a dozen arrests were made. There was also a fight in the afternoon, when fire-arms were freely used.

DESCENDENTS OF FRANKLIN.—There are about eighty descendants of Dr. Franklin now living in the States of Rhode Island, New Jersy, Pensylvania, Maryland and Kentucky, and in the District of Columbia, A writer in the New York Evening Post says, Mr. W. J. Duane of Philadelphia is the oldest descendant living. Dr. Franklin Bache, Professor of Chemistry in Jefferson College, is the eldest son of Dr. Franklin's oldest daughter.

RECOVERED:—We learn from the Kentucky *Yeoman* that Gen. Wm. Haskell, of Tennessee, who was recently sent to the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, has entirely recovered, and is announced in the Lexington papers, to give a series of lectures in that city, during the present week.

THE MORMON WAR.—A despatch from Washington says that the War Department designs sending two columns of military into Utah from the Pacific side—one from Oregon and the other from California.

A shoemaker named Murry, living in Granville county, was run over and instantly killed by the express train, on the Raleigh and Gaston railroad, on Wednesday last.

A Serious Disaster.

Advices from Paris, under date of November 2, state that the Department of Marine had just received intelligence of a serious disaster. A vessel belonging to the imperial marine, which had been fitted out for a scientific expedition charged with the duty of rectifying existing inaccuracies, and correcting the surveys of the coasts of the Caspian sea, was lost on the very eve of returning home, after having devoted one year to the most careful and exact scientific explorations. Every soul on board except one went down with the wreck. The loss, deplorable as it is in other respects, will be principally felt in a scientific point of view.

GREAT COUNTRY, THIS.—The United States comprise 31 States and 9 Territories: with 12,500 miles of sea coast; 10 of the rivers measure 20,000 miles; 90,000 square miles of lake surface; with 20,000 miles of railroad, worth $15,000,000, in operation; 5,000 miles of canal; the longest railroad in the world—the Illinois Central, length 784 miles—registered tonage 4,407,000; capital in manufactures, $600,000,000; internal trade $600,000,000; products of labor $101,500,000 annually; annual income of inhabitants $100,500,000; value of farms and live stock, $500,000,000; value of gold produced, $100,000,000.

Is it any wonder that the American Eagle is noisy?

HOGS.—The last Asheville News says: "Several hundred Kentucky hogs have passed through this place, on route to market. One or two hundred were sold here at 7 cents, twelve months credit. The ruling price must fall considerably under that figure. Many country hogs have been bought at six, and we have no doubt many more will be sold even lower."

SELL YOUR HORSES GENTLEMEN.—A steam carriage made its appearance in the streets of Manchester, near Harisburg. It ran over the streets like a thing of life, turning corners and dodging ruts. The driver of an omnibus, seeing innovation in this experiment, put whip to his horses, and tried to outrun the steam carriage, but the latter left the coach so far behind, that the omnibus driver was laughed at by the spectators. The steam carriage went at the rate of nine miles an hour with a presssure of sixty pounds.—The inventor is John M. Hall, of Manchester, Pa.

A POISONED VALLEY.—A singular discovery has recently been made near Batten, in Java, of a poisoned valley. It is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about 30 feet deep. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom appeared to be a hard, sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. Dogs, and other animals, were thrown in, and never moved their limbs after a few minutes.

A TRIBUTE TO THE SOUTH.—An important report of the Committee of Finance in the New York Common Council, after deseribing the distress at the North, says:

"Look at the contrast. To-day the foreign debt of the United States is absolutely less than then. The South is not only out of debt, but absolutely rich. She owns her own cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco and adds nothing to the burthen of indebtedness. The North is in debt, but the immense surplus of her productions from harvest hitherto entirely unknown are amply sufficient to meet it all, and yet the prices rule lower than at any period for four years."

THE BAPTIST CHURCH:—The *Baptist Almanac* for 1858 states: In number baptized, Virginia stands the first, Georgia the second, and Kentucky the third on the list; and this has been the case for several years past. South Carolina approaches within 50 of Kentucky. Of the 61,312 baptized, excluding the German, Swedish and Welsh churches, 42,455 have been added to their churches connected with the Southern Baptist Convention, 9,413 to the churches in the Northern and Middle States, and 9,082 to those in Western, including California and Oregon. Of the whole aggregate the Southern porporton has a membership of 457,873; the Northern, &c., 218,669; the Western, 108 463. In the preceding year, in Southern States, 539,757—increase, 19,116; in the North, 223,792—decrease, 5,123; in the West, 100,888—increase, 7,575.

SPECIE IN THE NEW YORK BANK.—The New York City banks now have in their vaults not less than twenty millions of dollars in specie It is thought they will soon resume specie payments. Our banks will, of course, follow.

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE HAS taken a room in Messrs. J. & F. Garret's New Brick building, second story, and expects to be able to accommodate all who may want Bonnets Bleached and Dressed. She will also make Ladie's Dresses, or Gentlemen's Coats, Pants, Vests. All work will be done in good style and on moderate terms.
Room No. 3, second story, J. & F. Garrett's New Brick Building.
Oct 27th. (44.)

CARRIAGE FOR SALE. A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

FINE ASSORTMENT of WINES, Madeira Port, Sherry and Malaga, of the best quality, cheap for cash; also Fine French, Cherry, and Blackberry Brandies, also Champagne of the choisest Brand. Cheap for cash by COLE & AMIS.

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand& by E. W. OGURN.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Dec. 2.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 16½@18; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 20@; Coffee 16½, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 50@0.00 Meal 50@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 10; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@0-00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 40@50; Lard 16½@18; Molasses 50@; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@000; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 2½@; Rice 6@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 12½@14, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1,00, Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Dec. 1.
Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon, hoground 17 @, western sides 16@17, western shoulders 14@15, hams 15@17, Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 26@27; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@00; Corn 90@1.00; Cotton 12@14½; Coffee, rio 11½@12, lagura 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 6.00@0.00 extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 8.00, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $65, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 1.00@0.0.; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 35@40; Mackerel, no2. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@ ; Oats 65@00; Rosin, no. 1, 6.75@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 98@00, sack 1.00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 41@00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 2.50@0.00, hard 1 50@0.00; Tar 1.62@0.00; Wheat, red 1.00@0.00, white 1.15@000

NORFOLK MARKET, Nov. 30.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 16@20, hoground 16@17, western sides 14@14; shoulders 12@13; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 22@26; Beeswax 25@28; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 71@74, mixed 95@.98 yellow 95@98; Coffee, rio 11½@12½, anguira 14@14; Candles, adamantine 22@25; Dried Apples, ? bus. 28 lb, 1.75@1.87, Peaches, peeled ? bus. 40 lb, 5.00@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 6.25@0.00, superfine 6.75@0.,00 extra 7.25@0.00, family 7.75@7.75; Flaxseed 1.00@0.00; Guano, ? ton 60.00@60 00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 17@18; Lime 1.20@1.30; Molasses 25@35; Oats 40@42; Salt, fine ? sack, 1.60@1.70, ground alum 1,05@1.10, sloun 160@1.70; Sugar, refined 12½@13, crushed 12½@00, W. India 81@11; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 6.00@7.25, sap do do 4 00@5.00; States, R. O. hhd. 30.00@31.00, R. O. hhd. 47.00@00.00, do heading 50.00@00.00; Soap, brown 4½@5, yellow 4½@6; Wheat, red 1.10@1.15, white 1.15@1.25; Whisky 26@28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00@0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00@0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 9.50@8.00, dry Cod and Hake, 3.75@4.50.

Remarks.—Flour, receipts have been fair and the demand very good. Corn, receipts have been large and it continues to arrive freely; the demand for the article is good. Flaxseed are coming in freely and sell at quotations. Dried Apples are in light supply. Bacon and Provisions generally are in full supply.

THE MARKETS.—The stocks of hides and leather in New York, at this time, are unprecedently heavy, and prices are about fifty per cent lower than those current frour months ago. Fish are cheaper than they have been for years. The wholesale price of No. 1 Mackerel in New York is only $9@9 25. Flour has not materially changed in price for some time past.—Raisins have fallen to the familiar prices of former years, and if the retailers regulate their prices according to the rates current in the supply marts, every family can afford to have a plum pudding on Christmas day. Molasses and Sugar still have a downward tendency. as in a few weeks the *new crop* will begin to come freely into market. Bacon can now be had at very moderate prices. All these facts contribute to show that in spite of the "hard times" the winter's "commissariat" ought not to be an expensive one.

Business Cards.

N. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 531y

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.
MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.
☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)
STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER

LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*
MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.
References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigg; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8:1y.

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. 6:1y

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(56:1y.) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

DR. WM. C. SMITH, HAVING located in Greensboro, will attend all calls in town or country. He may be found at all times at his office, adjoining R. G. Lindsay's Store, formerly occupied by Dr. Freeman.
(92:3m)

THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.

EDITORS.

E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.

ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, DEC. 3, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

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☞ PRIZES! PRIZES!! ☜

The Publishers of the Times will give a Prize of $40 for the best original story of not less than twenty columns. And for the second best, they will give a Prize of $20. To give competitors time, we will delay the decision until the 20th of January, and manuscripts received up to that date will be entitled to a trial for the premiums. Competent and disinterested judges will make the decision. All manuscripts will be at the disposal of the publishers after the judges have awarded the Premiums.

Competitors must mail their manuscripts to "The Times" marked "Prize," and enclose their address in a sealed envelope.

P. S. Should the Publishers deem any Story, not awarded a premium, worthy of publication, they will refund the author all the expense of postage &c.

TO MAGAZINE SUBSCRIBERS:—All persons taking Harper's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, the Southern Literary Messenger, the British Quarterlies, or any $3 Magazine, can save one dollar by subscribing through us, as we furnish the *Times* and any $3 Magazine one year for only $4. Persons wishing the British Quarterlies and Blackwood's Magazine can save $2 by ordering through us as we will send the Times extra, for $10, the regular price for these periodicals.

I. O. O. F.

We understand that the following gentlemen have been elected officers of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, for the coming year:

R. W. G. M.—J. A. Weirman, of Salisbury.
R. W. D. G. M.—P. P. Clark, of Wilson.
R. W. G. Sec.—A. Paul Repiton, of Wilmington.
R. W. G. Tr.—R. J. Jones, of do.
R. W. G. W.—John Sloan, of Greensboro.
R. W. G. C.—Thos. M. Gardner, of Wilmington.
R. W. G. G.—T. A. Gorham, of Greenville.
R. A. Caldwell, of Wadesboro', was chosen R. W. G. R. to Grand Lodge of United States. The Grand Lodge adjourned to meet in Newberne on the 4th Monday in November, 1858.

Grand Encampment.

The following gentlemen have been chosen officers of the Grand Encampment:

M. W. G. P.—Martin Stevenson, of Washington.
M. E. H. P.—Jas. G. Cook, of Fayetteville.
R. W. G. S. W.—Alex. Starrett, of Greensboro'.
R. W. G. S. & T.—R. J. Jones, of Wilmington.
R. W. G. J. W.—P. C. Williams, of Elizabeth City.
G. R. John Sloan, of Greensboro.

The Grand Encampment adjourned to meet at New Berne on the 4th Monday in November, 1858.

PAMPHLETS.—We are indebted to friends for several late interesting pamphlets, among them an address delivered last summer at Davidson College, by Moody B. Smith, of Wilmington; a sermon delivered at Normal College by Rev. C. P. Jones; an address delivered by R. H. Whitaker of Raleigh, N. C.

EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION:—In last week's *Tribune* we find a lengthy notice of the meeting of the friends of education in Lenoir. Many teachers were present and much zeal manifested in this good cause. The formation of "Lenoir County Educational and Literary association" was the result of the meeting.

☞ Our Correspondents will please be indulgent. We have been entirely incapacitated from labor during the past week by sickness. This will also be an apology for the contents of this number of the Times which makes its appearance more from *habit* than editorial labor.

GUILFORD EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION:—The next regular meeting of the Educational Association for the county of Guilford will be held in the Hall of the Greensboro High School, on Saturday next at 10½ o'clock.

It is important that a large attendance be had as several topics of interest to the association are to be presented.

GOURDS:—We are credibly informed that a man in this county raised on *one* vine *one hundred and three gourds*. All well grown and some quite large.

Coming right again.

The Scientific American published in New York, is good authority on whatever subject it speaks. We are, therefore, glad to copy the following from its pages in reference to better times.

"After seeing all around us hungry human beings asking for work, and feeling that the difficulties in money matters had caused a temporary stagnation of manufacturing industry, it is with pleasure that we learn from various quarters that water wheels and steam engines are again working, and the noise of mill gearing again animates the lately silent centers of productive wealth. In our own city, many workshops are daily taking on the hands which they were compelled to discharge during their temporary suspension. In Lowell, Mass., two large mills, that have been working only half time, are about to resume their usual amount of labor; at Woonsocket, R. I., at Norwalk, Conn., mills on whose working or stoppage depends the daily bread of thousands, are now in motion; and at Mannyunk, Pa., and its neighborhood, many factories have opened their doors, and the pleasant click of the shuttle and rattle of the spinning bobbin is once more heard in the picturesque valley of the Schuylkill. Four mills and two calico printworks at Fall River, Mass., the Chicopee (Mass.) mills, and the Troy and Albany Iron works, N. Y., have also resumed operations.

It would seem that we were not crushed by the past panic, but only knocked back a bit; and if it did burn us a little, we shall rise, Phœnix-like, more glorious, from the ashes, and be more strong and energetic for the temporary disaster."

EXPLORATION OF THE COLORADO RIVER:—We learn from the Sacramento *Aye* that Leiut. Ives, who has command of the expedition for the Colorado River, has arrived in California.

It is his intention to proceed immediately to the Gulf of California from San Francisco in a sailing vessel, taking with him the materials of a small steamer. On reaching the mouth of the Colorado, this steamer will be put together, when the party will forthwith commence the ascent of the river.

The Colorado is the largest river, save one, of any west of the Rocky Mountains. The lower portion of the valley at points where it has been crossed by exploring parties has been found to possess a soil of unsurpassed richness, and the region through which it flows is believed to possess mineral resources of the most valuable kinds. Trappers tell extravagant stories of the sublimity of the scenery on the higher portions of the valley, and of the gigantic canons or gorges, through which the river passes. The new Territory of Arizona, which borders the lower portion, is being fast filled up by emigrants. From Salt Lake, too, the Mormons are pushing their settlements toward this valley, and are now within 35 miles of its most western bend.

It is thought possible that Lieut. Ives may find the river navigable for his small steamer as high up as the 37th parallel of latitude, which will bring him to a point at no great distance from the Salt Lake region, and solves the problem of a short and direct water communication between that Territory and the Pacific Ocean.

The surveys and explorations connected with this expedition, will include the various departments of topography, geology, zoology, mineralogy, etc. Lieut. Ives is already familiar wath a portion of the route, having traveled it in company with Lieut. Whipple, upon the Pacific Railroad exploration, near the 35th parallel of latitude.

NEW PROSPECTUSES:—We find in a number of our exchanges, new prospectuses for the new year. But for their length, it would afford us a great pleasure to place them all before our readers. We do not however feel inclined to pass them entirely by in silence.

THE HOME JOURNAL by Morris & Willis commences a new series the first week in January 1858. The Home Journal is a great favorite with many readers and the editors promise to keep up all the previous popular features and add several new ones. Published weekly in New York at $2 a year.

THE N. CAROLINA STANDARD gives notice that new volumes of the Weekly and Semi-Weekly will commence the first of January. While the editors will continue to advocate the principles of the Democratic party as heretofore, they will make the Standard an interesting and reliable reporter of the news and the Markets. For the coming session of Congress they have employed an able reporter.

Terms Semi-Weekly $4 a year; Weekly $2. For ten dollars six copies of the weekly will be sent. To clubs of ten or more $1,50 each; the money invariably in advance.

THE ROANOKE CRESSET is the name of an illustrated weekly paper to be published in the town of Plymouth, N. C. as soon as enough names are received to justify the publication. The Editor, Robert S. Goelet, promises a piece of Music weekly, with numerous engravings, besides the usual contents of a family paper. The Cresset will be issued in Quarto form (8 pages) $ 3 for a year.

THANKSGIVING:—Our citizens observed last Thursday, in accordance with the request of the Governor, as a day of thanksgiving and praise. Most of the stores were closed during the morning, and the two congregations assembled in the M. E. Church and listened to an appropriate discourse by the Rev. Peter Doub.

IMPORTANT FROM SAN DOMINGO.—*Insults to an American Consul.*—We have dates from San Domingo, Hayti, to the 22d ult. The position of the contending parties there had not been altered materially since previous dates:

Gen. Santa Anna was still besieging the capital, which is held by Baez with a force of about 900 men, but being without any adequate naval force he cannot make it a close blockade. Nearly or quite all the respectable inhabitants had either left the city or been driven away by Baez, and the majority of those who remain are opposed to his rule; but being without arms and in the presence of a superior force, they can do nothing.

All the rest of the republic recognises the rule of the provisional government established at Santiago de los Cabelleros, and it is generally supposed that President Baez cannot hold out much longer.

The captain of the American schooner Charles Hill, which was seiged by Baez some time ago, for having run into a Dominican schooner of war, and damaged her to the extent of about $100 in value, has been senteneed to imprisonment for one year and two days, and a fine of $3,000; his vessel has been seized and is now in possession of the Dominican government, which is using her as a man of war.

The position of our Consul at St. Domingo, Jonathan Elliot, Esq., is most annoying to himself and family, and unpleasant to every one of the foreign residents. In consequence of the old affair between him and the Spanish Consul General, Senor Segovia, originating in the wholesale naturalization by the latter of natives of all classes and colors as Spanish subjects, Baez, who sided warmly with Senor Segovia, was persecuting the Consul and American citizens generally, in the most outrageous manner. He was almost daily insulted, and frequently at night mobs would collect around his house and annoy the family, shouting, halloing and calling him opprobrious epithets.

On one of these occasions the French Admiral, who was in port, hearing of the matter, went on shore, and finding the true state of the affairs, proceeded at once to the house of President Baez, fronting on the harbor, and demanded an interview. He then told the President what was enacted around the house of the American Consul, and requested that these things should be stopped. Baez pretended not to believe them, and finally said that he had nothing to do with them if they were so. The Admiral told him firmly that they must be stopped by the government, or he would land a force of marines and take upon himself to stop them. The President still persisting in his denial, the Admiral at once stepped out upon the balcony of the palace, and making a signal with his handkerchief, several boats, filled with marines, at once put off from both the French and English ships of war in the harbor. On seeing this Baez at once gave orders to an officer, and the insulting assemblages around the American Consulate were stopped from that time.

It is to be hoped that the Cyane sloop-of-war, now on her way to Hayti to settle some difficulties there, has orders to proceed at once to San Domingo and protect Mr. Elliott, and to look into the case of the Captain of the Charles Hill.

NEW CONTRIBUTORS:—It is with much pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of a letter, inclosing two poems, from Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Our readers are aware that she is one of the most popular and voluminous female writers in America, her list of publications numbering about fifty, and we feel a little proud of the privilege of gracing our pages with her name.

An esteemed contributor from the "Old Dominion," writes—"The accompanying essay, which is the production of a young lady, (Echo) whose sprightfulness and versatility of genius is only equaled by her extreme modesty, I have obtained permisson to send to you for publication. Should you desire it, I will endeavor to induce her to become a regular contributor, and I have no doubt you will find her a valuable acquisition.

"I have also solicited for your columns, the copy of a poem of considerable length, (yet unfinished) by a talented young gentleman of this state, which from the specimens I have had the pleasure of examining, I predict will win for him an enviable reputation among the most promising young poets of the day. Should nothing prevent it will be ready for publication by the commencement of the new year.

"I am pleased to see that your labors are being appreciated and that you are winning that meed of popular favor, which you so eminently deserve. The Times is a *sine qua non* of southern literature, and must ultimately achieve a brilliant triumph. I have for some time past been canvassing its claims among my friends, and hope I shall be able to send you a club of subscribers by the new year. I am sorry that I am not able to do more for you."

A CELEBRATED TRAVELER. The celebrated German naturalist and traveler, Moritz Wagner, arrived in New York city by the Ariel. Mr. Wagner spent three years, from 1851 to 1854, in Central America, and afterwards published in the German language an excellent book descriptive of his interesting discoveries. He is now on his way to South America, for the purpose of making scientific exploration in Chili, Peru and adjacent countries. He is accompanied by a famous lady traveler, the Baroness Havmayer, and a painter, of some reputation in Germany, named Hagen.

Death of Gen. Cavaignac.

We find among our late foreign news the announcement of the death of the distinguished French General, Eugen Cavaignac. He has died, it seems, of a broken heart. He fell dead, while out shooting, of aneurism of the heart, and was buried at Paris on the 30th ult.

Gen. Cavaignac was born at Paris, December 15th, 1802. He entered the army at an early age, and in 1828 held a command in the French expedition to Morea. In the revolution of 1830, he was in garrison at Arras, and both there, and afterwards, at Metz, he openly avowed revolutionary principles. In consequence of this he was sent by the government to Africa, where he greatly distinguished himself. After the capture of Tlemcen, in 1836, he was left in command of the citadel of that place, in which perilous situation he displayed great bravery, repelling the attacks of the Arabs. From that time he was actively engaged in the Algerine war, and rose rapidly in the service.

When the republic was inaugurated in the spring of '48, Lamartine, who was placed at the head of the provisional government, raised him to the rank of commander of the military province of Algeria. This tribute was paid to him by the poet-statesmen, not only because he knew his eminent fitness as a soldier for the post, but because of his well-known attachment to constitutional republican government.

In this position he remained until he was elected by a most appreciative constituency to the Legislative Assembly.—He continued in that body until the Lamartine Provisional Government failed, when he became President. In the Assembly, his consistent affection for conservative republicanism was most thoroughly tried. He opposed with equal firmness the restoration of legitimacy as represented in the person of Henry, Prince of Chambord, the return of the Orleanists to power, in the person of the Count of Paris, and the spread of red republicanism and anarchy, as personified by Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc and Raspail.

It was mainly owing to his unshaken and iron firmness that the revolution was put down in June, 1848. It was true he received powerful aid from Lamoriciere, and other gallant spirits who loved liberty regulated and controlled by law. But he never hesitated or faltered, and where none but Bonaparte had ever succeeded, he too was successful—we mean in the quelling of a Parisian mob, when it had been thoroughly organized and had raised barricades. There is no other instance of success upon the part of those who had tried this experiment, but, the suppression of the "Insurrection of Sections," by Napoleon the Great.

He remained in the office of provisional president until the election under the constitution put forth by the Legislative Assembly. All remember how he was beaten by Louis Napoleon for the office of president. Although he received 1,600,000, yet his rival was elected by an almost unsurpassed majority. When the result was announced, however much he might have regretted it, notwithstanding he was in possession of the government, and notwithstanding the army was devoted to him, he quietly, like a true republican, submitted, and went into retirement.

Since that time no remarkable or interesting events have taken place in his career, if we except his romantic courtship and marriage and his recent election by the people of Paris to a seat in the imperial Chamber of Deputies. This election was effected in the face of the governmental opposition. It excited attention all over the civilized world, and doubtless gave acute mortification to Louis Napoleon. It was a high tribute to his qualities as a man, and an expression of popular confidence in him, which was peculiarly gratifying to him. Had he been permitted by Providence to enter upon this new career, he would, we believe, have roused into life the latent republicanism of France.—He would have been distinguished for a straightforward, manly opposition to the restrictive measure of the present Emperor. Whilst he would have studiously refrained from all low artifice and all base intrigues, he would yet have made the weight of his oppisition most heavily felt by the government.

In losing him France has lost one of her ablest and best men. Simple in his habits, strong in his attachments, yet stern in all the relations of life, he was a man of a singular earnestness of purpose, of strong will and clear head. Republicanism in France has lost the man who was *communi consensu*, its fittest and most natural head, and Louis Napoleon is freed from an opponent whom he feared more than any other living man in France.

NEW INVENTION:—Our townsman, F. M. Walker, Esqr., gave us an invitation last week to witness the operation of a Corn Husker, invented and manufactured by himself, and for which he has applied for a Patent. The machine is quite simple, but shows an inventive genius. We hope Mr. Walker may make it quite profitable, as it can shuck as much corn in one day as four negro men.

A CALL TO ARMS.—The Free States "Territorial Executive Committee" of Kansas, in view of the recent action of the Constitutional Convention has issued an incendiary circular calling on the free States men to "hold meetings in every locality and denounce them; preserve and perfect your military organization at every point, and be prepared to march at a moment's warning, that when your cause and your country calls you may promptly respond."

THE ESCAPE FROM UTAH.

The following narrative, says the Leeds (England) Mercury, is from the pen of Mr. John Davis, a young Welshman, who emigrated to Salt Lake, with his family, about two years ago, from Maesteg, South Wales. It is taken from a private letter, dated Council Bluffs City, Iowa, June 29:

I guess you are anxious to know the reason why I left Salt Lake. I shall try, in the first place, to inform you what a man must do to be a Morman. He must give himself, his family, and all his possessions over to Brigham Young, and then he'll have to give the tenth of all his income—the tenth day's work—and he must keep from two to ten wives. If he don't agree to these things, he had better quit; by doing so he is in danger of losing his life every minute, for they would rather kill him than let him be the means of letting the world know how things are in their midst. Many have been shot down in trying to escape. I have seen dozens shot down in the street; and three days before I left I saw three persons killed, merely because they intended to escape; they were shot down in a place called Springfield, while preparing to leave. This took place about 8 o'clock on a Sunday morning, within fifty yards of the gates of the city. The first was a young man named William Parrish; he received seven balls in his body. The second was his father, and the third was a man called Potter, whose body received as many as fifteen balls. The old man was pierced in the back, and his throat cut in three different places. I saw them lying down, and I could name the persons who killed them.

Brigham Young has got men for this purpose. Their number is 400. They are called the "destroying angels." Their captain's name is William Hickman, and the second in command is Porter Rockwell. The walls around the city are fifteen feet high, and they are surrounded by a deep wide moat. The city is entered by four gates, which are watched in the night. The gates are so narow that only one vehicle can pass through at once. The "destroying angels" go out on the plains in the spring, in order to intercept those who may escape from the city. Many left on foot last January. They sleep by day and travel by night. I know of men and women, who have traveled this way—the men dressed as women, and the women as men. I came across some who were very short of food; the little they had they gave to the women, and the men were principally sustained by the women's milk! I left Salt Lake City on the 17th of April, in company with two Welshmen and an African. The few Mormons who knew of our intention, said we should never reach the States alive, but I told them that I was determined to try, whatever might occur.

On Saturday (the day after we left) we had traveled 30 miles from the city, when we saw three men following us. They were sent by the authorities of the city to catch us. The name of one was Patrick Lynch, an Irishman by birth, and Secretary to Brigham Young. This man fired his revolver at me, but the ball went by without hurting me. They then came near us on their horses, and inquired our names, and when we refused to tell them, they swore that they would blow "our d—d brains out." With that one of them raised his revolver, as if he was going to use it—he had one on each side of his saddle. I then took out my revolver and told him to fire if he liked. I had six revolvers with me and a rifle, containing in all 37 balls. Another ball was then fired at me, which whistled by my left cheek. I then fired at him, and one ball hit him on the leg and another on the shoulder. (My friends by this time had run in the woods, and I was left to fight it out myself.)

I then lost my footing, and one of the men ran at me with a knife and cut my belt, and took four of my revolvers. I had the other two hid in my boots. I got hold of one of them and fired, and succeeded in keeping them off for some time, till I had a chance to run to my friends. We continued to travel that day and the following night, and succeeded in reaching a place called Fort Bridger, which is 113 miles from the Valley. The number of our pursuers had increased to 20, and we had to put to the woods again. We traveled all night, and were so fortunate as to meet a host of friendly Indians, who gave us buffalo meat to eat. The next day we overtook a number of wagons known as Mrs. Babbit's train, in number 28. I was hired to drive one wagon, which was dawn by mules. We had some trouble with Indians called the Cow tribe. They were well armed, and about 1,000 strong. About 600 shots came into our tents. We killed about thiry Indians, and they killed five of our men."

PAINFUL OCCURRENCE:—We learn from the *Journal*, that a gentleman named W. H. Robinson, of Philadelphia, fell from the fourth story window of the Carolina Hotel, at Wilmington, on Friday night last, which resulted in his death.

There is no doubt, but that his death was the consequence of his own act, and that it was done under the influence of temporary derangement, caused by the use of ardent spirits. Some gentlemen occupying a room or rooms near, heard a noise and on looking out saw some one holding by the hands to the base of the window and endeavoring, apparently, to obtain a footing on the top of the blinds of the story below. Before they could move or do anything, the person, Mr. Robinson, as it appears, dropped, falling as we have stated. The door of his room was locked. It would appear as though he had raised the window with the view of throwing himself down, which he seems to have partly done, when he changed his intentions, and endeavored, but too late, to recover his place.

☞ We are much obliged to the Claiborne, Ala., *Southerner*, for the following notice. We hope his kind offer to foward subscribers will be a source of some trouble to him. Many persons take the "Times" in Alabama, but many more *can* be accommodated:

SOUTHERN LITERATURE. In another column we published a short prospectus of "The Times," a southern literary paper publish in Greensboro, North Carolina. To those of our readers who desire a good literary paper, and wish, at the same time to encourage Southern talent, we confidently recommend the Times as being as good a paper as any published in the North.

We speak advisedly, for we receive it regularly and therefore have an opportunity of judging. Those who send North for papers when they can procure equally as good ones in the South are not doing justice to Southern merit and at the same time aid and encourage abolitionists in their attack upon Southern institutions. Try it and judge for yourselves. Although not an agent of the Times we will take pleasure in forwarding the names and money for any of our friends who may wish to subscribe for that paper.

☞ We are indebted to the Valley Star, Lexington, Va., and to the Ashville News, for inserting the prospectus of the Times and giving us an editorial notice. The News says: The Times is the title of a large well filled and well printed literary journal, published at Greensborough, in this State, by Messrs. Ogburn, Cole & Albright. It has an able corps of contributors, and deserves to be liberally sustained by the Southern people. Terms, $2 per annum, in advance.

HORRIBLE STATEMENT.—The Marengo (Iowa) *Visitor* says, that a young child, but six years of age, died with delirium tremens at Brush Run. The father, a short time since, was sent to jail for selling liquor, and during his incarceration, his wife made whiskey "meat and drink" for herself and child. The wife finally fell down stairs and killed heself, and the child was shortly after attacked with all the symptoms of delirium tremens, with which it died.

MARRIED,

On the morning of the 19th ult., by Geo. B. Boyd, Esq., Mr. WILLIAM FAUCETT, of Guilford, to Miss MARGARET HERROD, of Rockingham.

On the morning of the 25th ult., by Rev. John Stadler, Mr. JOHN B. BLACKWELL to Miss MARY, daughter of Alfred Reid, Esq., all of Rockingham.

In this place on the 30th ult., by Rev. J. J. Smythe, Dr. D. W. C. BENBOW, of Fayetteville, to Miss MARY E., daughter of David Scott, Esq.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, G. W. AMOS, a member of Dannahan Lodge, No. 57, I. O. O. F. in the dispensation of things by an all wise Providence, hath been called from among us, deeming it due to the deceased and to the friends of the deceased, that we should express to the world what we feel as Odd Fellows, and as individuals, therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to the will of One that is wiser than we, we yet feel that Providence in taking brother AMOS from among us hath taken a good Odd Fellow and a good citizen—that it hath cut loose the tendrils of our hearts from an object to which they were wont to cling with pleasure and confidence.

Resolved, That in mourning his loss to our Order and the Community we sincerely commisserate with the family of the dec'd and tender it our warmest sympathies for the loss of a dutiful husband a kind father and an unwavering protector.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolution s be forwarded to the family of the deceased and a copy to the Greensboro Times for publication.

H. W. ADKINS
R. K. PEPPER } Com.,
S. B. TAYLOR

Danbury N. C Nov. 23rd 1857

Oxygenated Bitters.—*Worcester*, June 27, 1854.—Gentlemen.—After suffering much for two years past from Dyspepsia. I was induced to purchase of your Agent in Worcester, a bottle of your Oxygenated Bitters, and after a trial of less than two bottles. I find myself radically cured. I have not the least hesitation in recommending them to all who are afflicted with this distressing complaint. You are at liberty to use this as you think best to further the sale of this excellent medicine.

Yours truly, JOHN GRAY.

Any Individual suffering from weakness and derangement of the stomach, nervousness or debility in any form, can be cured by this medicine.

Seth W. Fowle & Co., 138 Washington St., Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

FRANGIPANI, AN ETERNAL Perfume. The perfume bearing the above name is undoubtedly one of the most gratifying to the olfactory nerve ever yet discovered.

Call at Porter's Drug Store where you can get it in any of its variety of forms—with a great variety of other popular perfumes and Toilet articles.

Dec. 1.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR Sale a very large and splendid stock of Jewelry, consisting of Breastpins and Ear Rings of every description, Finger Rings, Lockets, Charms, Bracelets, Neck Chains, Chatelain and guard Chains, Gold Crosses, Gold and Silver Thimbles, Gold and Silver Spectacles, some very fine vest and Fob Chains.

Also a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, finer than ever offered for sale here, which will be sold very low for cash.

OTTO HUBER,
(successor to A. P. Eckle.)

Dec. 3, 1857. 100–3m.

J. WOODRUFF LEWIS, DEALER in Books, Stationery, Music, Magazines and Newspapers.

☞ AGENT at the North for the Greensboro, N. C. "Times."

New Britain, Conn.,

SUSPENDED NOTES ON NORTH CAROLINA Banks taken at par for goods at S. ARCHER'S.

Oct. 26.

OFFICE GREENSBORO MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE & TRUST COMPANY:—The annual meeting of the "Greensboro Mutual Life Insurance and Trust Company" will be held at the Office of the Company on Thursday the 17th., December next.

D. P. WEIR, *Treas.*

CIGARS OF THE VERY CHOICEST brands; also a fine lot of Chewing Tobacco, on hand and for sale cheap for cash by COLE & AMIS.

Encourage Southern Enterprise AND SOUTHERN TALENT.

THE TIMES:

A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL,

And the only one Published in the South!

THE TIMES has more than sixty regular contributors, embracing many of the best writers in the Union. Its reading matter is mostly original and procured at great expense—consisting of Original Stories, History, Biography, Science, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, Foreign and Domestic News and the Markets.

THE THIRD VOLUME, greatly improved, printed on fine white paper, and with new copper-faced type, will commence the first week in January, 1858. Now is the best time to subscribe—commence with the new year and the new volume. In the first number will commence a most interesting and thrilling story, entitled

"THE MYSTERIES OF A NIGHT;
A LIFE DRAMA OF THE CITY,"

and to be followed immediately by two

Prize Stories,

the best written during the season, North or South. Let clubs be formed immediately at every post office in each of the Southern States, as it will be impossible to supply back numbers after a few weeks.

To the friends of Southern Literature in all the Southern States, we appeal for support. The Times is the only Literary Paper published for the South, and it shall be as good as the best published in the North. You want a good family paper, then try the TIMES one year.

Published weekly at $2 per year in advance. Specimen copies sent gratis. Address.

OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

BEULAH MALE INSTITUTE, Madison, N. C. The Second Session of this Institution will begin on Wednesday, January 6th, and close on the first Thursday in June.—Students will be prepared for any class in College, or for the practical duties of life. The discipline will be firm, and such as to secure diligence in study, and commendable deportment.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS.
PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE.

Elementary English,.....$10
Higher English,.....15
Ancient Languages and Mathematics,...20
Modern Languages, Each,.....10
For additional particulars address
L. H. SHUCK, *Principal.*
(98–3m.)

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—R. N. Caldwell has just received his neat and well selected assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Druggs, Paints and Die Stuffs, Castings, Cedar and willow wares, all of which he offers on the most reasonable terms and earnestly solicits his friends, and the trading community to an examination of his stock.

Terms exclusively cash or its equivolent, and no deviation in Prices.

R. N. CALDWELL.

EMPORIUM OF FASHION:—Mrs. Adams has just returned from the North with her fine Bonnets, Trimmings, Feathers, Fur Cuffs &c., in the very latest fashion. Orders supplied on short notice and warranted to please. Room next door to the Insurance Office, in the large Brick building west of the Court House.

Oct. 26. (75—3w.)

FRESH ARRIVALS. Per Schr. L. P. Smith, from New York,
50 Boxes prime Cheese,
10 Kegs Goshen Butter,
10 Bbls City Mess Pork,
5 " Leaf Lard. Good weights and measures given. Low for cash.

Nov. 14. GEO. I. KELLEY & BRO.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE OF Pure white Lead, Dry and in oil, to gether with Putty in cans and Glass assorted sizes for sale by R. N. CALDWELL.

OXFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.—The fourteenth Session will commence on the first Monday in January, 1858. The teachers employed are of the first order of ability. The course of instruction is unusually thorough and extensive.

Expenses:

Tuition in Elementary Branches,.....$15
" " College Classes,.....20
" " Music,.....20
" " Drawing,.....10
" " Painting,.....20
" " Embroidery,.....5
Board and Washing per month,.....10
No extra charges will be made.
For particulars apply to J. H. MILLS,
(96:3m) Oxford, N. C.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "

This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rate.

Next term commences September 17.

B. CRAVEN.

Sept. 2. 1856. 81-tf

NEW GROCERIES FOR CASH, —We are now opening our stock of Groceries and Domestic Goods, which we are determined to sell cheaper by 25 per cent than they can be bought elsewhere this side of Wilmington. Come one, come all! Economy is prudence; buy where you can save your money and grow rich.

WE WANT Flaxseed, Beeswax, Tallow, Feathers, Flour, Meal, Furs, Chickens, Eggs, Butter, Lard, and all country produce in exchange for GOODS at CASH prices. Call at the old stand of Graham & Dunn, on West Market st.

COLE & AMIS.

Oct., 1857. (98:tf)

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.

ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.

JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27:tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

WHEAT.—THE SUBSCRIBER will pay CASH for good WHEAT delivered at the depot at this place. Bring on your samples.

E. W. OGBURN, Agent for Simmons & Clark, Greensboro, N. C.

Sept., 1857.

HESPERIAN HARP, THE LARGEST and one of the best NOTE BOOKS in use, by Rev. Wm. Hauser, M.D., for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

CIDER VINEGAR, A GENUINE article, pure, clarified, for sale cheap for cash by COLE & AMIS.

JUST TO HAND A WELL SELECTED lot of men's and woman's Shoes, of every quality and size—cheap for cash by COLE & AMIS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO COME and get your money back! We have only 24 Barrels of that excellent Molasses on hand, which we are selling at 45cents per. bbl. and 50 cents by retail. Call in the cheap cash Store by COLE & AMIS.

All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LINES TO LOTTIE LINWOOD.

BY ROLLIN.

Lottie, I have heard thy song
In the grove where poets meet,—
Where the muses—happy throng—
Paid their homage at thy feet.
Garlands bright adorn thy brow,
Offerings rich and rare, thy shrine,
And I fain would ask thee now,
To accept this wreath of mine.

Beautiful are all thy dreams,
Poet sister, and they come
Like the sunlight on the streams,
To our humble hearts and homes;
And we feel a kindred fire
In our bosoms long grown cold,
Shaping every wild desire
After beauties matchless mould!

Bird of song!—may life to thee
Be a path of thornless flowers,
And may Heaven-born poesy
Ever cheer thy lonely hours,
Till the music of thy voice
Slumbers in the vale of love,
And a countless throng rejoice
In a new born lyre above.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

BY INVALID.

We learn from the history of warfare that new implements of destruction are continually contrived to meet the constantly changing front or increased vigor and numbers of the foe. At one time the horseman clad in cumbrous armor, carried everything before him, and the whole order of battle is changed to resist him; in the succeeding century the order was changed to meet the archer; and at a later period large battalions of riflemen called for another arrangement, until the reign of the cannon caused an entire revolution in military affairs and forced everything to obey its laws.

So it is in the contest with ignorance—new instrumentalities must be discovered competent to meet the demand of new exigencies.

In the earlier ages of civilization, the philosopher discoursed to his disciples in the grove and in the market-place. This individual instruction was succeeded by a combination of teachers in the early Christian churches, wearing something of an aspect of organization; then follow the monasteries—a literature which those monasteies happily preserved—universities, with their seraphic doctors and phrensied disputants, and colleges. And now we are at the era of common schools—an era corresponding with that of the cannon in military affairs, and which will compel all socities and educational agencies to obey the great law that originated common schools;—the law that recognises at the same time the right of every man to participate in the affairs of government, and his duty to fit himself to exercise that right, so that the exercise shall not be an injury instead of a benefit to society.

But of what use is all the artillery in Christendom without active, efficient ammunition?

And of what avail are your schools without energetic and effective instructors?

If your powder is not dry, or if you fail to apply the spark, all your artillery is worse than useless—a mere incumberance.

If your teachers are bungling and unaccomplished, without the fire and zeal to communicate an idea like an electric spark, they too are an incumbrance and should give place to the intelligent and competent.

To furnish a corps of teachers for an army of scholars is the work of the Normal schools, in the performance of which they exercise an influence throughout the whole state by the introduction of a standard of professional excellence.

The teacher's office is justly described as the highest function upon earth, and I gladly perceive growing up in the profession an *esprit du corps*—a jealousy of its standing and influence which, to me, is one of the most agreeable features connected with our school affairs.

The sparkling jets of the fountain no more clearly indicate the height of the source of its supply than do the utterances of the class room the degree of competency and faithfulness of the instructor.

Is there any comparison between the teacher of the common order and the trained expert, who under skilful masters and actual exercise, has become perfect in the sublime art of shaping the youthful heart and intellect to a high ideal standard?

The one enters the arena of the school-room ready to cope with all the forms of perversity in this complicated nature of ours; prompt to detect error and fertile in expedients, to turn every quality to the best account: the other, hesitating and timid, soon becomes dissatisfied with himself and impatient with his pupils, and wears out weary years in confusing and bewildering, rather than in enlightening them.

A republican government has need of the intelligence of all its citizens We stand in no danger from foreign foes. Our trouble, if it comes, will come from the neglect of the citizens to take an intelligent part in the affairs of government.

Without the spirit of intelligence that maintains steadily, as of the first importance, the majesty, the dignity and the supremacy of law, we are soon plunged into wild anarchy, the sure precursor of all the tyrannies of despotism.

Shall we marshal the rock, the gibbet and the gool for the punishment of crime, and fail to xercise the mightier and more benignant powor of education for its prevention.

As the country developes its material aggrandisement, in territorial area, in the millions of its population, it will be well if we remember that the brightest ornament and safeguard of the nation is found in the virtue and intelligence of the great body of the people.

And let it also be remembered that in order to have our children correctly educated, we must have good teachers; and in order to have good teachers, they must be trained for their profession, like lawyers, doctors or mechanics are for theirs;—the exclusive and important office of Normal Schools!

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

"LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Let us love one another,—not long may we stay;
In this bleak world of mourning, some droop while 'tis day
Others fade in their noon, and few linger till eve;
Oh! there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve;
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget!
Then Oh! though the hopes that we nourished decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay.

There are hearts, like the Ivey, though all be decayed,
That it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade;
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undimmed 'midst the blighted, the lonely and dead;
But the mistleto clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it,—the root in its heart;
Exists but to twine it—imbibe the same dew—
Or to fall with its loved oak, and perish there too.

Thus, let's love one another 'midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond, as we loved at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into particles break.
There are some sweet affections, that wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer, when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet though all else pass away;
Thus, let's love one another as long as we stay

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES

A GOOD NAME.

BY EMMA SOPHIA.

How needful it is to try and keep a good name! What is a person thought of after they lose the worlds esteem? It should be our greatest care to strive to obtain a good and spotless character. If a person dies their name after a while is forgotten by many. But only let there have been but one blemish in their character, that will not soon be forgot. The mourning friends will be taunted, as if they can help it. But that is the way in this world.—But if they had a good name many will speak of their loss. And instead of friends being afraid to speak of us, they will be proud to let it be known that we were related to them, especially if we in dying left them a large fortune. They will then speak very feelingly of their dear and lamented relatives. Oh, yes, to be sure they alwaysloved him. But it is the world and we must be content, not to be loved for ourselves alone.

If we strive in the right way to gain a good name, just by taking the lowest place; by being humble and unseeming, striving step by step, we can attain in time, the highest state of human perfection and glory. How *little* a person is thought of by placing themselves too forward, and be sneered at by the world. Is it not best to be humble. A person commands more respect by so doing, if they only knew it. We hear remarks on persons. "That so and so, are very niee folks, but are a little too forward and wish to be more than they are." If we could only be more like the meek and holy Jusus. How much better we should feel. And instead of being told in plain language "you just keep back;" we should hear the invitation of "Friend come forward and make thyself welcome." What a difference it would be. Let us attend to the old proverb, "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." And when years have rolled on to the shores of eterity; when our heads are white with the hoary frost of time; and when our youthful days have passed away, may we look back with inexpressable joy to the path which we have chosen.

VELOCITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMS.—A friend tells us of his dream: He dreamed that he was arrested, imprisoned, let down from a window to a scaffold, the crowd collected, the minister prayed, the prisoner made a speech and the Sheriff shoved him from the scaffold and he suffered a protracted strangulaton—and the dreamer sprang out of bed and heard the echo of a pistol fired under his window, the report of which, that instant, had caused all the scene to pass before his imagination. Professor Upham relates several like instances. Who can comprehend the mysterious path of the soul when the body is in the embrace of sleep?

THE BETTER LAND.—Our relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives in time. The catalogue of the living we love becomes less, and in anticipation we see the perpetually lengthening train of the departed; and by their flight our affections grow gradually less glued to earth and more allied to Heaven. It is not in vain that the images of our departed children, and near and dear ones, are laid up in memory, as in a picture gallery, from which the ceaseless surges of this world's cares cannot obliterate them. They wait there for the light of the resurrection day, to stand forth holy, beautiful, and happy—our fellow worshippers forever.

A cotemporary says he don't believe in the water cure, and gives a reason:—"There is Mr.———, (naming a noted political editor,) he has been lying in his damp sheet for twenty years, and he's worse now than ever."

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

URANUS.—This planet is one of the most distant of our system, being about 1,800,000,000 of miles, or if a person were to count 200 every minute for ten hours a day, he would be about 42 years in counting the distance of this planet from the sun. It performs its journey round the sun in about 84 years, or its year is equal to 84 of ours. It is 86 times as large as our planet, and its diameter is 35,000 miles. Six satellites attend it, and revolve round it from east to west. It was discovered by Sir Wm. Herschel in 1781; and he christened it *Georgium sidus*, in honor of the reigning king; other astronomers called it after its discoverer, *Herschel*, and *Uranus* is the name by which it is now generally known.

MINIATURE FIREWORKS.—Procure a clean white glass bottle, holding a pint; pour into it a gill and a half of water; then drop in half a dram of phosphorus. Then hang up the bottle in such a manner that you can place under it a lighted lamp. As soon as the water is warm, streams of fire will dart from the bottom of the water, resembling sky-rockets; some particles will adhere to the sides of the glass representing stars, and will display brilliant rays. These appearances will continue till the water begins to simmer, when immediately a beautiful aurora-borealis begins and gradually ascends till it collects to a pointed flame; then blow out the lamp, and the paint formed will rush down, forming beautiful clouds of fire rolling over each other for some time; when disappearing, a beautiful hemisphere of stars presents itself. After waiting a minute or two, light the lamp again, and the same will be performed over. The stars may be increased by alternately lighting and blowing out the lamp a few times. The liquid in the flask will serve for the same experiment several times.

TO CLEAN KNIVES WITH EXPEDITION AND EASE.—Make a strong solution of the common washing soda and water; after wiping them, dip the blades of the knives in the solution, then polish on the knife-board. The same would of course be effectual for forks. This simple method will, no doubt, greatly diminish the dislike which some servants have of this part of domestic labor.

SULPHUR ON GRAPE VINES FOR MILDEW.—Mr. John Kyle, a horticulturist of Glasgow, Scotland, discovered this remedy ten years ago, and all over Europe and this country it has been tried successfully.

INVISIBLE INK.—Procure of the druggist half a dram of nitrate of silver. Dissolve it in half an ounce of rain water, and write with this solution with a quill pen. The writing will not be visible as long as the paper is kept in the dark, but on exposing it to the sun the letters will turn black, so that they are perfectly visible. If the solution be used for writing on cloth, the writing can not be washed out, hence it is also an *indelible ink*.

GAS.—An exhibition of gas light can be made in the following manner. Procure a tobacco pipe with a long stem, and put into the bowl a small walnut, then cover the top of the bowl with clay and let it dry. After it is dry, heat the bowl in a fire, when a white gas will issue from the stem. This may be lighted, and it will burn for some time.

CURE FOR SCARLET FEVER.—Use Jalap as a purge, and Red Pepper tea. In most cases the disease yields by taking one dose of Jalap. The bowels should, in all cases, be well evacuated, and the tea drank for several days. This remedy has proved eminently successful.

CURE FOR A BOIL.—The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

TO KEEP TIRES TIGHT ON WHEELS:—Before putting the tires on, soak the felloes with linseed oil. Take a long cast iron oil heater, made for the purpose; the oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil, each felloe one hour, for a common sized felloe.

The timber should be dry, as green timber will not receive oil. Care should be taken that the oil be made no hotter than a boiling heat, in order that the timber be not burnt. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible of water, and the timber is much more durable.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHALEBONE.—A patent for a mode of procuring a substitute for whalebone has been procured in Germany. The common ratan is immersed for five days in a liquid, and afterward immersed in a solution of iron salts, giving it a deep black dye. They are afterward impregnated by atmospheric pressure with a peculiar varnish, which enters into the pores of the ratan, which has now changad its character, and became hardly distinguishable from the best quality of whalebone, except that it is somewhat more elastic and less liable to splinter and break, and has gained 100 per cent in weight.

INGRATITUDE is a harmless dog, which lives upon all and defends none.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brisk-wood. Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting makes the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

FUN should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a "funny man" to be a bad one? On the contrary, is not he, nine times in ten, generous, humane, social and good? To be sure he is. Fun—it is a great thing. It smooths the rough places of life, makes the disposition as sweet and rosy as a fresh maiden's kiss, scatters sunshine and flowers wherever we go, gives the world a round jolly countenance, makes all the girls as pretty as June roses, and mankind one of the best families out. We go in for fun. The man who won't cultivate it must keep a good-sized half rod between us.

FRANKLIN'S TOAST.—Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin, while Minister to France, had chanced to dine with the English and French embassadors, when the following toats were drank:

By the British embassador: England, the *Sun*, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French embassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank, "France, the *moon*, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, conseling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said, "George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the *sun* and *moon* to stand still, and they obeyed him."

It has been observed with much significance, that every morning we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection—thoughts may be born to-day which may never be extinguished. Hopes may be excited to-day which may never expire. Acts may be performed, the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.

Patiently suffer that from others which thou canst not mend in them, until God please to do it for thee; and remember that thou mend thyself, since thou art so willing that others should not offend in anything. Perhaps it would be as well to begin with that first; we would then see fewer blemishes in our neighbors,—pluck the mote out, &c., &c., This is the root of self-knowledge—it is wisdom's root, anyhow.

Applause is the spur of able minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

"Let's take a horn," is a phrase of frequent utterance. The blast of that horn may be the signal for the porter to open the gate of death.

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement is outward, fantastic, hysterical and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.

An officer being seen with a brick in his hat, an old soldier observed "that he suspected there was something wrong at head-quarters."

It is said that once, when Robert Hall was confined in an insane hospital while suffering under an attack of insanity, a visitor passing through one of the wards asked him what brought him there?—"What never will bring you," he replied, "too much brain."

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

BY THOMES HOOD.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd roll'd:
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold;
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled; [old
Spurned by the young, but hugg'd by the
To the very verge of the churchyard mould:
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!

To be stiff and motionless in bed with an immoveable rheumatism, and have some very particular friend call in and suggest the propriety of your taking a walk to the window—the fresh air is so refreshing and revivifying.—is the hight of enjoyment—over the left.

A man may edify another by his gifts, and yet be unedified himself; he may be profitable to another, and yet unprofitable to himself. The raven was an unclean bird, and not good meat, but God could make her the bearer of good meat to Elijah.

BEAT THIS.—Mr. Baker showed us an egg, yesterday, which was seven inches in circumference. Can anybody beat this?—*Syracuse Reveille.*

Certainly. Break the egg into a bowl, and beat it with a spoon.—*Lynn News.*

TO MAKE A CANDLE LAST.—A piece of candle may be made to burn all night in a sick-room or else where, when a dull light is wished, by putting finely powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night from a small piece of candle.

"OURS is no common lot," as the toads said when they got into the clover field.

A cure for Dyspepsia.—The Oxygenated Bitters are highly recommended by persons whose names give the most satisfactory evidence of astonishing cures by using this medicine. It will certainly *relieve* the worst cases.

JOB WORK.

Having just added to our hitherto large and well-selected Job Office, a magnificent assortment of **Plain & Fancy Job TYPE**, we are confident that we can execute ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING IN THE BEST STYLE FOR THE LEAST MONEY OF ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE. Persons wishing

Pamphlets, Business-Cards, Circulars, Visiting-Cards, Hand-Bills, Bill-Heads,

Or any thing else in the Printing line, would do well to try us once.

BLANKS.

WE have just printed, on a very good article of Foot's Cap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of

Blank Warrants, Writs, Deeds of Trust, Land Entries, Com. for Depositions, Ca Sa Bonds, Executions, Witness Tickets, Subpœnas, Affidavits, Land Deeds, Bill-Heads, Juror Tickets, Ca Sas, &c., &c.

Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.

☞ For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, West Market Street, Greensboro, N.C.

SUMMER DISTRIBUTION—COMMON SCHOOLS, 1857.

No.		No.		No.	
1	$26.18	27	$26.80	53	$34.00
2	24.48	28	40.46	54	32.30
3	26.86	29	25.16	55	37.74
4	25.84	30	41.14	56	30.60
5	44.54	31	29.58	57	39.44
6	32.30	32	31.62	58	21.08
7	27.50	33	52.02	59	35.70
8	28.56	34	48.62	60	24.14
9	28.56	35	19.72	61	23.46
10	26.52	36	48.62	62	21.42
11	28.89	37	36.72	63	24.14
12	23.80	38	58.48	64	20.40
13	17.68	39	10.88	65	22.80
14	20.74	40	23.12	66	18.70
15	23.46	41	28.22	67	23.12
16	34.68	42	39.78	68	24.14
17	24.82	43	27.20	69	9.52
18	25.50	44	17.68	70	13.60
19	30.60	45	24.48	71	38.76
20	7.48	46	29.24	72	18.02
21	25.50	47	23.12	73	17.68
22	31.96	48	24.54	74	26.86
23	46.24	49	16.32	75	25.16
24	36.72	50	44.54	76	15.64
25	22.44	51	14.62		
26	27.54	52	28.56		

84. E. W. OGBURN, Ch'n B. Sup't.

New Books just received at the Book Store.
Lena Rivers, Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Heiress of Greenhurst, Mrs. Stephenson.
Adam Graeme of Mossgray, by the Author of Zaidee.
Indigenous Races of the Earth.
Inquire Within, or 3700 facts for the people.
For sale by E. W. OGBURN & Co.
June 24.

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!

MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

BARGAINS—THE BEST AND CHEAPEST GOODS IN MARKET, AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving his Fall stock of ready made Clothing, Overcoats, Shawls, Comforts, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Collars, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.
S. ARCHER.
East Market st., Greensboro, Oct. 7th.

W. GILMORE SIMMS' WORKS Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southword, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

ADAMANTINE AND TALLOW Candles by the lb or Box for sale at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

AN EXCELLENT Assortment of Hats and Caps may be found at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

THE REVISED CODE.
50 COPIES received and for sale.
E. W OGBURN.

MELANOTYPES AND AMBROTYPES:—The Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the ladies and gentlemen of Greensborough and vicinity to his Melanotype Pictures which are taken on sheet iron manufactured expressly for the purpose. In richness of tone, warmth of expression, completeness of detail, and boldness of feature, good Melanotypes are not surpassed for durability. There is no question of their superiority. They will receive a fall without a fracture, a bend without injury; may be washed off when soiled, be handled without the face being marred, unless abused by rough scratching whih, would deface the best oil painting; they are susceptible of high and very beautiful coloring they are suitable for Lockets, Breast-pins Rings, &c. The above pictures are taken and put up in a style not surpassed in the State; Prices varying from **$1.00 to $10.00**, according to size and quality. Transparent pictures put up by the New Siliciated process.
Room No. 4 on 2nd story of Garrett's New Brick Building.
May 6. A. STARRETT.

A New Book.
The Old North State in 1776; SECOND SERIES, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by
Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

Annals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Deems' for sale by
June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS,

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.
Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!! The public are informed that the subscriber is at work at his old stand on West Market Street and ready to receive orders, for anything in his line of business which will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. The character of his work is too well known in this and surrounding counties to make it necessary to say more than, he will do his best on all work he engages to make.
A Full Supply of Metalic Coffins from 2 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 4 inches in lenght. Coffins made to order on short notice.
"You will take due notice thereof and govern yourself accordingly."
P. THURSTON, *Agent.*

BLANKETS AND DOMESTICS.—A large assortment cheap for cash by
Oct. 20 COLE & AMIS.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Leavelt's improved Young America. } Corn & Cob Crushers.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27:tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.
Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*
He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.
JAMES M. HUGHES,
March 12, 1857.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!
JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

HAWKS' HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA for sale at the Book Store by
E. W. OGBURN & CO.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.
Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.
And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.
☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennet; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian; Old Horne, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Habersham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tanaha; Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Safety; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutter; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Eliza Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopædia of American Literature, Duyckinck; &c., &c.
At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdelane Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—R. G. LINDSAY, (Northeast corner of Elm and Market streets,) would invite the attention of his customers and the community generally to his well selected and carefully purchased stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable for the season.
Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds and Jeans, N. C. Kerseys, twilled and plain Northern Linsey, &c., Ladies' Dress Goods—in variety—Merinoes, Figured and Plain de Laines, all Wool Plaids, &c., &c., Cloaks, Shawls and Scarfs, Ginghams and Prints, Fine Bed Blankets, Negro ditto.
A full supply of Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Andirons, Spades, Shovels and Forks.
Coffees, Sugars, Teas, green and black, Carpetings, Rugs and Door Mats, Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, &c., &c., &c.
Rock Island Jeans and Cassimeres, Kerseys—Bolting Cloths, Burr Mill Stones, Grindstones. R. G. LINDSAY.
Oct. 17, 1857. (94::tf)

A SUPERIOR LOT OF FRENCH GLASS and PUTTY, 8 by 10, and 10 by 12, just received and for sale LOW, by COLE & AMIS; stop your windows and keep out the cold winds.

PURE and PEARL STARCH TO Hand, and For Sale low by COLE & AMIS.

OLD RYE, Fine lot of WHISKEYS To Hand, and for sale LOW, by COLE & AMIS. Wholesale and Retail.

MARBLE YARD.
NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,
Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
GEO. HEINRICH.
Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

THE GLOBE;
The Official Paper of Congress.

I *Publish now my Annual Prospectus* of the Daily Globe, and the Congressional Globe and Appendix, to remind subscribers, and inform those who may desire to subscribe, that Congress will meet on the first Monday of next December when I shall recommence publishing the above named papers. They have been published so long, that most public men know their character, and therefore I deem it needless to give a minute account of the kind of matter they will contain.

The Daily Globe will contain a report of the Debates in both branches of Congress as taken down by reporters equal, at least, to any corps of short-hand writers in this, or any other country. A majority of them will, each, be able to report, *verbatim*, ten thousand words an hour, while the average number of words spoken by fluent speakers rarely exceeds seven thousand five hundred words an hour. When the debates of a day do not make more than forty columns, they shall appear in the Daily Globe of the next morning, which will contain, also, the news of the day, together with such editoriol articles as may be suggested by the passing events.

It is also my intention, from time to time, as occasion may require, to publish my reminiscenses of the public men with whom I have been associated during the last twenty-eight years. Anecdotes of General Jackson, and the leaders of the party which he conducted, and the leading men of other parties, will, I believe, be interesting now when partisan bitterness has abated.

In becoming the reporter of the debates of Congress I deem it proper to say that the Globe would never be a partisan paper. This pledge will not be forfeited by introducing as a contribution to history the political traits of character which distinguished the public men of my time. Although I am, and intend to remain, a thorough Democrat, I will never obtrude my principles in a way to make them obnoxious to any party. But in regard to persons and events which go to make up history, I hope to make the Globe an honest memoir; and with that view I am resolved to speak independently of all parties.

The Congressional Globe and Appendix will contain a report of all the Debates in Congress, revised by the speakers, the Messages of the President of the United States, the Annual Reports of the Heads of the Executive Departments, the Laws passed during the session, and copious indexes to all. They will be printed on a double royal quarto size, each number containing sixteen pages. The whole will make, it is believed, between 3,800 and 3,900 pages, as the long sessions for many years have ranged between those numbers, and the next session will be what is termed a "long one." This I believe is the cheapest work ever sold in any country, whether a reprint, or printed from manuscript copy, taking for *data* the average number of words of the long sessions since the year 1848. The average number of pages is 3,876, and the average number of words on a page is 2,397, consequently the average number of words of a long session is 9,290,772. As I have sold to subscribers that number of words for six dollars, it follows that they have paid less than six and one half cents for every 100,000 words I have furnished them, while I have paid my reporters $6,39 for every 2,397 words of this work, in manuscript. Has any other book-seller, anywhere, ever sold a book in the first instance, while it was new, at so low a rate? I believe not; and so strong is my belief that I hereby agree to give to any person who shall prove to the contrary, a complete set of the debates running back to the year 1833, making forty-three quarto volumes, which sell for $5 a volume. An act of Congress authorizes these papers to go by mail free of postage. The next session will be an unusually interesting one, as it will be the first under a new Administration, and several complex questions must be discussed in it; for example, the currency, Kansas, revenue, and other questions. The Globe will be, as heretofore, the only source from which full debates can be obtained.

TERMS:

For one copy of the Daily Globe one year $10.00. For one copy of the Daily Globe six months, $5,00. For one copy of the Daily Globe during the session, $5.00 For one copy of the Congressional Globe and Appendix, and the laws passed during the session $6.

Bank notes, current in the section of country where the subscriber resides, will be received at par. The whole or any part of a subscription may be remitted in postage stamps, which is preferable to any currency except gold or silver.

A paper will not be sent unless the money accompanies the order for it.

I cannot afford to exceange with all the newspapers that desire the Globe: but I will send the Daily Globe during the session to all who shall publish this prospectus three times before the first Monday of next December. Those who may publish should send their papers containing it to me, marked with a pen, to direct attention to it. JOHN C. REVES.
Washington, Oct. 27, 1857.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.

To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge.* It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge*, on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59:1y)

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.
January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anker Brand Cloths of all Nos: from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.
R. G. LINDSAY.
April, 1857. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.